

MiPo~Print

Poetry Delivered Every Sunday To Your Printer

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P O

This Sunday, we bring you our regulars. John Eivaz eavesdrops on his neighbors in "*Where Poetry Comes From*". Now John is poetry always found next door? Or is it found in a painting? Pris gets down and dirty with the many facets of Picasso in "*Picassoed Out*". Silvia plays the blues this morning with "*Billie Holiday At Dawn*". Tara eats some cookies in "*It's what I do*" and reminds us to be careful for what we wish for in "*She Is A Sexy Stretcher*".

We are introducing a new writer, Andrea Defoe who sums it all up for us and reminds us our hearth is still found in a good recipe with "*Yankee Chili*". But don't go expecting jalapenos in this one. It has a twist. Make that a Twister and make it as big as Texas.

So grab your Sunday Poetry and your cafe con leche and join me as we look at what America was up to this week.

MiPo Zines

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It's what I do

It isn't hard to love, it's what I do when sunlight's absence brings an end to day and all that's left to think about is you.

That's when I sit, eat cookies, one or two - or three - alright a lot, what can I say? It must be hard to love me like you do.

Because my skin is dry, and wrinkled too, and other flaws (we know) are on display, I only hope there's something left for you

to dream about, imagine me as new - like memories recalled from better days when loving me was not so hard to do.

Now you are absent, and I have the flu. So please forgive me, while you are away, if all that I can think about is you.

What are your thoughts while looking at the view from your hotel room high above that bay? It isn't hard to love, it's what I do when all that's left to think about is you.

She is a s e x y stretcher

when she leans back, tits pointed up just for his eyes, because it hurts

but still she rocks, gives what he wants from little sluts. She even asks

please call me that, call me a whore, a bitch, a stupid piece of ass -

and faithful lover, he complies not understanding her surprise.

~Tara Birch

YANKEE CHILI



Texans like their
chili caustic
even in July.
Cheeseheads wait 'til
leaves get rusty
and our breath looks like
smoke.

My Texan aunt tried to
share her recipe with me.
A high honor,
to share a cooking secret.

I've never roasted a
tomato
or blackened a pepper.
I open cans and
brown burger,
stir up a big maroon
whatcha-got soup.
I stubbornly declined.

I've been told
she looked like chili
when a tornado
wrapped her Ford Pinto
around a tree.

November is knocking at
my windows today,
and I don't have that
recipe.

~Andrea Defoe

Where Poetry Comes From

They came today and shut off my power.

It was a he, not a they, a short guy with
dark wide sideburns. But they were behind it.
We argued. I said you're a loon, all cartoon-cocky.
The sound of the word was cool just then.
Like WC Fields would say you were crazy.
You'll be crazy the rest of your life.
No offense to fowl intended.

In the dark I'd be,
the blender not blending,
the broiler refusing to sear.
Trying to understand less as a way of life
but yeah, I need the computer.
The blender the broiler
the hard facts between commercials.
A loon.

Hey you know what?
I'm invisible and
I see through walls.
I love what I see:
the woman next door
putting on makeup over her sink,
leaning into its mirror.
That dog on the porch running in his sleep.
That couple fighting fighting fighting
as a way of life.
I can tell you stories ...

Can I offer you some coffee?
A cracked mirror, darkly?
Relax. You have the power now,
though I know you can't see.

From my hands light is created,
My eyes warm everyone near,
And my thoughts scorn modifiers, corny adjectives,
allusions, references, metaphors and swearin' to God.

Now my life is poetry.
Every corner of my home is illuminated.
Straight through the walls,
Straight through to tomorrow.
Even yesterday looks brighter.

Thanks again for your service,
for not drinking my stuff.
No money for groceries either.

Now my life is poetry.

Sandburg said
that poetry is like
taking a quick
look in a room
and trying to
figure out what
you saw. Some-
thing like that.

Fuck Pacific Gas
And Electric.
I'm zapped now
by new connec-
tions in this
darkness, loon
loon loon, life
can be good.

~John Eivaz



Billie Holiday at dawn

*Sun's not out yet-
Billie's voice within the staircase
of my dreams, slow, hoarse, gray
like the smoke of her cigarettes*

*Billie with her sadness flowing from gray
pores, the slowness of that voice
molasses part bitter part gray
rising do mi sol si re through alveoli*

*rusted by a fiery oxygen
hungry for love for who knows what
that anguish humans carry
in their guts, Billie now almost*

*dead of grief played well by a thousand
guitars, a muted drum, a saxophone-
sun's not out yet... the voice
of Billie muted, gray, mute*

~Silvia A. Brandon-Pérez



picassoed out

*picasso's white period
not very well known
quite short in fact
one painting
never hung by MOMA
his 'couple in white'
rests on our mantle
tis me there on your lap
trying not to giggle*

*a day not easily forgotten..
pablo's belly over palette
his tubes, save the white,
emptied earlier,
you, hard and wanting
pressed against my bottom*

*when pablo stepped out for blue
we slammed shut the door,
ran for the stairs,
leaving only our outline,
wet and waiting,
and one frustrated artist
to paint clowns on the ceiling.*

~Pris Campbell

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